

# "IMPACT"

THE CANADIAN CINEMA MAGAZINE

FEATURING  
CENSORSHIP IN ONTARIO

March 1972



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FOR THIS ISSUE  
SHORT SUBJECTS

# "IMPACT"

PROGRAM  
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## THE DIRECTORS' CHAIR



Since film is probably the most universal form of art today, it is appropriate that a movie should express the hopes and dreams of Ontario today. *A Place to Stand* does not present the final picture by any means, for gleaming skyscrapers and gyrating discotheques and mountains of ore do not enhance the quality of life; they only create the means by which we achieve that quality.

Moreover an artistic creation affects our emotions more profoundly than concrete construction. For our arts and culture show us who we are and what we hope to become. Their healthy existence is as essential as a healthy financial climate.

It is our responsibility to ensure this type of existence. But in one crucial area we, the population at large, have not been consulted: exactly what boundaries should be established for cultural discussion and expression, and how should these boundaries, if any are actually necessary, be maintained?

What we are talking about, then, is censorship. A Board exists in Ontario to regulate films. It has never asked the public what its guidelines should be; now *Impact* is asking you to state your views. Read this issue's article which outlines the complexities of the situation. Then fill in the questionnaire provided, return it, and after we tabulate the results, *Impact* will forward all of them to the Theatres Branch of the Government.

It is time that someone says something publicly, and you are that public.

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Garth Drabinsky, President; Bud Walters, Vice President.

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# PROJECTIONS

March may be the month that sees a change in the weather, but this year at least, there will be little changed in the movie theatres. Easter is late, and therefore the film distributors are holding off until everyone is in the holiday mood again.

One film of note is expected to open in the middle of the month: **The Godfather**, based on Mario Puzo's bestseller. It stars Marlon Brando, James Caan, and Al Pacino, and Paramount expects (and hopes for) a blockbuster reception.



The other epic to be presented this month is **Mary, Queen of Scots**. Starring Glenda Jackson as Elizabeth I, and Vanessa Redgrave as Mary, this film is produced by the same crew that created *Anne of a Thousand Days*. Charles Jarrot directs; Hal Wallis, the producer, first tackled this period in 1939, with Bette Davis and Errol Flynn in *Elizabeth The Queen*. Of course the film contains the obligatory meeting scene between Mary and Elizabeth; dramatic tension is therefore helped considerably, but history students are hindered because the two never met in real life.

But since the rest of the horizon is bare, we brought out the Official Impact Crystal Ball and gazed into the future a bit further. Here, then, is a summary of the movies now in the editing or production stage, due for release during the next eight months or so.

Joseph Losey is following up his success of last year, *The Go-Between*,

with **The Assassination of Trotsky**. Starring Richard Burton and Alain Delon, it is just finishing interior shooting in Rome. We are sad to report that after X, Y, and Zee, no films are planned at this time for Liz. A moment of mourning will be observed.

Speaking of stars, **Jesus Christ, Superstar** is planned for production by Norman Jewison. And Franco Zeffirelli of Shakespeare fame (*Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*) moves up from the immortal Bard to **The Assassination of Christ**. And that will be a hard act to follow.



Two plays will appear as screen adaptations during the next few months. **A Day in the Death of Joe Egg**, starring Alan Bates and Janet Suzman, explores a marriage relationship through the methods each parent employs to cope with a paralyzed, vegetable-like child. And **Child's Play**, a thriller concerning life in a boarding school, will soon go before the cameras.

Of course one other play deserves mention: **Play It Again, Sam**. Woody Allen has adapted his own theatre work for the screen. And in the greatest stroke of type-casting ever, Woody will also play the lead in a film version of **Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask**. Presumably it will be a comedy.

Some of the all-time greats are returning, too. Garsin Kanon has written and will direct a film starring wife



Ruth Gordon. And pioneer director George Cukor is filming the Graham Greene comic novel, **Travels With My Aunt**; it stars Katharine Hepburn. Alfred Hitchcock presents his contribution with **Frenzy**, filmed in London last fall. Another great director, Carol Reed, has completed London filming of **The Public Eye**, with Mia Farrow and a thin Topol.

Robert Mulligan (Summer of '42) is working on another project, tentatively titled **The Other**. And Peter Bogdanovitch, director and writer of *The Last Picture Show*, is currently shooting a comedy, **What's Up Doc**, with Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal. Barbra's next project is a biography of Sarah Bernhardt, directed by Ken Russell. And Stanley Kubrick is planning a biography of Napoleon.



But for now there is still plenty to see, because movie production is increasing constantly. And watch for next month's Impact, when we will reveal all about upcoming attractions for Easter.



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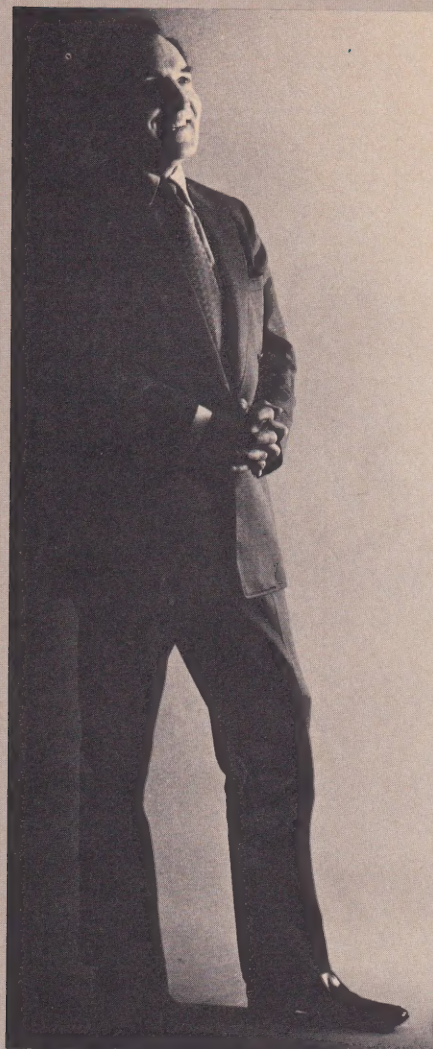
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## Critics from a Critical Point of View.

Gerald Pratley



A critic is a person skilled in judging art, music, literature or the like; or a person who judges harshly and indulges in faultfinding. To the public a critic usually falls into the latter category.

Furthermore, people are puzzled by critics, as well they might be.

In the first place they resent the fact that critics would appear to be superior beings: "What gives you the right to say what is good or bad?" is a familiar remark, followed by "and who are you to tell people what they should or should not see?" (A good critic never does.)

Yet they also feel sorry for critics. "I wouldn't want to sit through all the junk you have to see," or, "of course, you cannot enjoy a film because you must find its faults and watch for weaknesses. I couldn't go too see a film under these circumstances." And "how can you judge the music, notice the camerawork, appraise the actors, be aware of the direction, and still be entertained?"

The most discouraging remark a critic can hear is: "You know that picture you panned last week? I went to see it and you were absolutely right!"

These observations are all based on misunderstandings of what the critic's function is. On the other hand, in spite of many definitions no one seems to really know why we need critics and what their value is to the public or the artist. This is partly because there are few critics who are readable, respected and rewarding.

Very few critics are generous or

happy individuals. How can they be? The man who lives to find fault has a miserable mission. It is so much easier to become well-known as a result of not liking works that most critics only proclaim their approval as a means to create astonishment: they actually like something!

Critics have been with us since Aristotle, but few of those writing about the newest art, the motion picture, are as graceful and literate as most theatre critics. The reason lies in the nature of cinema. The film was born within this century, with origins that were humble, mechanical and in the hands of businessmen. It appealed immediately to vast audiences of mainly impoverished, poorly-educated people. None of this somehow seemed to fit the accepted ideas of art, until then reserved for the privileged few. Furthermore films made money on a large scale and this made them suspect. Movies became characterized as evil, thus giving birth to the censor, a far more harmful figure than the critic! Soon, because movies were available to so many people in so many countries simultaneously, they became impervious to criticism. There were so many of them, who could possibly cope with the flood? It was all so unlike the theatre with its one performance a night, the elegance, the right people, that the Establishment of the day tried to ignore "the wretched things."

The film business was also too powerful for its own good. Newspapers and magazines, the most direct and immediate means of reaching the public through advertising, came to rely heavily on the money that the studios spent on ads. The studios themselves never learned to accept adverse criticism and there were few newspapers outside New York, London and Paris prepared to resist the pressures placed upon them by the publicity departments of film companies.

(Conversely, the destructive gossip columns of the Parsons and Hopper variety, now thankfully a relic of the past, were accepted because they were thought to be "good publicity"

*Some critics are like chimney-sweepers; they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing out from the top of the house, as if they had built it. Longfellow*



and the studio heads had become frightened of the very "monsters in print" they had created.)

So a compromise came about which saw the emergence of the reviewer. This was a man (usually from the sports department in the early days) who was required to do no more than see the film, give an outline of the story, pass some vacuous remarks about the players, and perhaps award it some stars.

After all, the editors reasoned, films were mass entertainment for mass audiences most of whom were simpletons anyway, and they came to believe that any fool could write a film review. As a result fools usually did – and still do in many cities in North America.

In Europe the standard is higher because the newspapers of the capital cities reach the entire country; thus the critics are fewer and must be more accomplished. They have more influence than those in North America, the latter known only in those cities in which their newspapers are circulated, because of the immense size of Canada and the USA.

Not until the early Forties, with the knowledgeable writing of Roger Manvell in England and Andre Bazin in France, were films recognized as being more than "an entertainment." To give the film profession its due, it has suffered the blows of many incompetent critics; it may not like unfavourable reviews, but it seldom complains if they are from responsible and informed critics.

Today the pendulum has gone too far in the opposite direction and film is too fashionable for its own good. The result is a horde of critics who appear to have been spawned by computers, mostly lonely, unhappy men who rejoice in darkness and ambiguity, who equate expressions of humane concern with gross sentimentality, who greet every variation of the Emperor's new clothes with a rapture which outdoes the praise of servile courtiers of old, who see themselves as great redeemers, recognizing rubbish as art and dismissing as unworthy artists who attempt to be explicit and concerned. Their preten-

tiousness, as they strive to be erudite, is at times unbelievable.

The film companies, bewildered by what they are getting from some of today's filmmakers, are only too delighted to know that someone seems to understand what 'the new cinema' is all about, and respond by quoting generously from the reviews of New York critics who have therefore become super-publicists for the studios.

Is the public ill-served by this situation? Not really. Fortunately people continue to see what they want to see. There may be a dozen different reasons which made them decide to go to a certain film, and critics and advertising seldom have much to do with their decisions. They may not even like the picture after they have seen it, but if the movie has aroused their curiosity they will exercise their right to satisfy this interest. Sometimes the worst movies will attract audiences, sometimes the best; this paradox is what makes motion pictures such an unpredictable and fascinating medium.

The critics are but an appendage to all this activity, and good or bad, like the films they attach themselves to, they come and go. Without them the arts would be less lively. If they are good writers with engaging views they may be enjoyed 'in their own write.' If they are knowledgeable they impart useful information; if they are opinionated they may well provide new insights into art and humanity. The duller the critic as a man, the duller his work: there is a sad lack of charm, warmth and wit among most of them.

The strength of criticism should never lie only in the weakness of that which is criticized. The results of constructive criticism are immeasurably more valuable for the obvious reason that it is better to build up than to pull down. Regrettably, the good is frequently demolished, and the bad is propped up and illuminated with meaningless insights.

Aspiring critics should heed Joseph Addison's advice. "It is ridiculous for any man to criticize the works of another if he has not distinguished himself by his own performance."

## THE ESOTERICA FIEND

It is nearing Academy Award time again, that time when all the fly-by-nights are thrown into the spotlight, and the true stars, like Elisha Cook, Jr., are left by the wayside. But this year I have the opportunity to offer something other than a pat on the back to these unsung stalwarts: The First Annual Esoterica Awards for Preservation and Continuation of Classic Bits. And here they are.

Unfortunately it was a very grim year. Not only did all these young punk directors, writers and producers neglect the Glories of the Past, they positively mocked them openly. Searching for elliptical forms and forgetting content, they kept nothing. A travesty, I say!

But a small glimmer of light shines through, and to two great gentlemen of the silver screen, I now present my awards.

First, for his fond reference in *A Clockwork Orange* to the greatest musical ever made, *Singin' In The Rain*, I award Stanley Kubrick Second Prize for 1971 Achievement in Esoterica.

But the First Prize could go to only one man, a true respecter of the past and a complete aficionado of the Golden Years: Ken Russell. *The Boy Friend* contained not only a reference to *Singin' In The Rain*, but the script was lifted almost line for line from the best of the Thirties. Not to mention specific references, such as the manager's instructions to "do a Ruby Keeler" – and Twiggy did it! Thump, cross, thump, cross, stage right to stage left! What taste! Or when Glenda Jackson, foot swollen, kindly helped Twiggy take over her lead role by giving the same instructions Ruby Keeler received in *Forty-Second Street*. Ah, it was bliss to hear those sweet words again. Russell outshone them all. Congratulations, Ken!

And take that, you miserable 1972 Academy Awards.





“What do you say to a legend?”

How do you talk to a legend? A nervous call from Toronto, a surprising “O.K.” from his press agent, a quick flight to the coast and now, a cab was rolling me to a rendezvous with a childhood idol. The dry in my mouth was more than being made up for by the wet in my palms.

I wondered how he'd look. Out of films for over a decade, would the sparkle still show? Or just the wrinkles?

No need for false flattery this time, I thought. Hadn't he always been my favorite even before he hit the Big Time? Sure, he bombed in his last 12 pictures, but that certainly wasn't his fault. Sophisticated comedy was never his style. He was a COWBOY horse!

But not just *any* cowboy horse—the cowboy horse. The one they all copied. The first to jump off a cliff, the first to count with his foot, the first to eat the fruit off a lady's hat—all the classic bits were created and perfected by the incomparable “Blaze—the Black Blur!”

And today I would meet him. I wanted to bring him an appreciative gift. But what do you get an old horse? Weight problems ruled out the traditional lump of sugar; and lumps of saccharine they don't make.

Rolling through the gates, the cab cobbled up the stones toward the stately stables of The Last Corral, an old-age home for retired movie nags. Crossing the grounds, my eye caught sight of some of the greatest cinematic steeds of yesteryear—Gene Autry's “Champion”, Roy's “Trigger”, Hoppy's “Topper”, Cisco's “Diablo”, once Supermounts with the speed of light chasing thrill-packed adventures, but now content to hobble around and show each other pictures of grandchildren. As I got out of the cab, a spotted cayuse I thought I knew limped up to see who I was. Sure I knew him—Buckshot, Wild Bill's TV horse, still receiving puny residual cheques for reruns in Whitehorse. He approached thinking I was Guy Madison, come to cheer him up with talk of a re-negotiated syndication deal or possibly a promotion tour of Australia, where “Wild Bill” ranked second after “Ozzie and Harriet.” When Buckshot got close enough to see I wasn't Guy Madison, he just roamed away mumbling, “He never visits! He never visits!”

I was greeted at the door by Bernie Silver, close friend and long-time agent for “The Blur” now thrown into parasitic retirement.

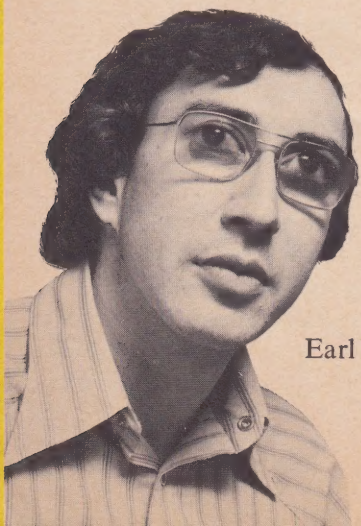
“Your call was like a tonic!” he told me. “The Blur's been a little down lately, owing to a rather prolonged spate of inactivity. Eleven years, actually. But when he heard somebody was coming to interview him, he got so excited they had to give him a shot.”

Silver led me to an oak-panelled drawing-room. There, rocking himself contentedly, sat the world's most successful wonder-horse, wearing a maroon bathrobe and four slippers.

“Just don't mention the wig!” the agent warned as we entered. “Otherwise, he'll gallop on your face!”

“What's the whispering?” inquired the rocking horse. “If you got so much time for whispering, agent

Looking at it from where I'm sitting



Earl Pomerantz



mine, you got time to call the studios and tell them I'll do character parts. Call Thalberg – he always liked me!"

"Absolutely, Blur, baby," chirped the agent, almost forgetting himself that Thalberg hadn't taken calls for over 30 years. "I'll get on it, pronto!"

Exit agent.

"Siddown, kid!" said Blaze, in a whinny I'd heard say much more dramatic things. As I sat, I tried not to notice the lopsided horse-wig that spilled fake hair over his aging brow.

"Did ya bring me a cigar?" he asked, acting like a little kid who'd been sent to bed without supper, only to be visited later by a banana-smuggling daddy.

"I didn't know you smoked them!" I said. He didn't in his movies. Still I was glad I hadn't, imagining three-inch headlines: "AGED WONDER HORSE SUCCUMBS FROM INTERVIEWER'S CIGAR!" Shrugging off the disappointment, the gray-ing Black Blur began to unfold his story:

"As you know, I was foaled and raised in the slums of Philadelphia. My father pulled ice, my mother gave rides. Boy, I was some wild colt in those days, always getting into scrapes. Once, a few friends and I covered each other in wax and posed as a merry-go-round. We cleaned up plenty from that, until somebody said, 'Where's the poles?' And when I wasn't foolin' around, I was reading: 'Black Beauty', 'Seabiscuit', – all the classics. Then, at supper, I'd act out the parts for my folks. My father thought it was silly – said I'd be better off playing more practical games which involved pulling ice. Then he'd take out a cigar butt he'd almost stepped on, light up and talk about California, an ice-free state, where horses just lazed around and ate warm grass. Then he'd nod off to sleep mumbling, 'San Diego, San Francisco, Palm Springs . . .'

"So I ran away to California. Well, not exactly 'ran' away; I stole a bicycle. Not one of the easier vehicles for a horse to ride. Sometimes I'd pedal with my front feet, and when I got tired I'd turn around and pedal with my back feet, steering with my

tail and using a mirror to see where I was going. I must have been some crazy sight on the highway.

"Finally, I reached the Coast. And as luck would have it, Bernie, my no-good agent, saw me pedalling backwards down Wiltshire Boulevard. He told me the movies were desperate for horses with moxie and got me a screen test at Metro. When they asked my name, I told them: Blaze – the Black Blur! Of course, that wasn't my real name! But did you ever hear a wonder-horse called Aaron Blazenberg?"

"They started me out in posses. But I kept getting ahead of all the other horses, and sometimes I even caught up to the bad guy when I wasn't supposed to. So they made me the bad guy's horse. But then nobody could catch me. Outlaws that history said had been apprehended now got clean away when they rode me. They had to rewrite the stories.

"Well, the only thing they could do was make me the hero's horse. Heroes caught everybody! And d'ya know, I was the first *black* hero-horse in pictures? Before that, always white! But those silver sissies wouldn't do any of the stunts! Their contracts read: 'No chasm jumps!' Sure, they looked good and they pranced up a storm, but ask for something a little tricky and they ran and called the ASPCA!

"Me, I'd do anything – fall down, act lame, drink poison. But my specialty was running through fire! No, it didn't hurt; I was covered in butter!

"Soon, I was 'Horse One' at the box office. It didn't matter who rode me – good guys, bad guys, Indians – the billing was always something like: *Showdown at Sonora*, starring Blaze, the Black Blur and a person riding on top of him! Cooper, 'Duke' Wayne, Stewart – they were just window dressing. People came to see the horse!

"My favorite role? The Oscar winner, *The Bad Steed*. Great script! Faulkner! It wasn't just the same old neighing and making that noise with my top lip. You know, p-p-ph-ph-ph-ph! In *Steed* I played a horse with a history – the broken home, the rheumatic fever, the bad crowd, the

decision to give up the violin – all led up to a believable depiction of a horse who went sour. It sure was nice winning that Oscar. Especially over Olivier . . . he's a heckuvan actor. But the Blur beat him out!

"It was then the studio decided to put me in sophisticated comedies: *Top Hat*, *White Tie and A Tail*!, *The Blurs from Boston*!, *The Cole Porter's Horse Story*! – they all bombed! Why they thought I'd be any good in comedies is beyond me. I don't even have a sense of humor!

"By then, it was too late to go back to westerns. Y'see, they'd changed. Adult westerns, they called them. Boring, I called them! 'The town shirks its moral responsibility by turning its back on a sheriff bent on fulfilling an unconscious death wish!' Where's the horse part in that?

"Television? Never! I'm an artiste! Can you imagine Olivier coming on TV and saying, 'To be, or not to be; that is the question!' and some guy busting in with, 'And before we hear the answer, here's a word from Bark!, the dog-food made from fish!' It'd throw his timing right off! And that's the same way I feel about my chasm jumps.

"If the right part came up, I'd be back in a flash. But nobody writes for the older type of horse. You gotta be young. Mind you, I can't say I approve of what they do in movies these days. Once, the cowboy only kissed the horse; then he only kissed the girl; and now, don't ask! Y'know, they asked me to be in a nudie, once. Yup, *Bob and Carol and Ted and Dobbin*! Doctors nixed it!

"But I made a good deal when my movies were sold to TV. I'm doing all right.

"All I want is one more shot at the 'statue'!"

At that moment, the nurse came into the room and said it was time for Blaze's nap. And as she led him away, he suddenly reared up on his hind legs, beating the air with his hoofs and whinnying like a wild stallion. Then he came down.

"Tell them I still got a few of those left," he bragged, brimming with Yesterday.





Dear Moviegoer,

No doubt by now, as you clutch your shiny new copy of *Impact* in your clammy little hand, you have some comment to make that is just crying to burst forth upon the movie-going world. Right! So all you have to do is write it down!

Your ideas may be about articles published in the magazine itself – this is the third one you've picked up, so tell us what you think already. Or you may comment on a film, or a director, or a fad, trend, theme, audience, popcorn, usher, the weather . . .


You may comment on anything, actually. Keep your letters concise and precise, and we'll print the best. Just send them to Sound Effects, **Impact Magazine**, 31 Mercer St., Toronto 135. And remember that postal rates just went up.

See you later.

Yours truly,  
The Letter-Reader

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the Queen Mother.



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McGoohan · Dalton · Davenport  
in  
*Mary, Queen of Scots*  
Co-starring  
Trevor Daniel Ian  
Howard · Massey · Holm

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Chaplin, Kubrick, Welles  
and History.

**The Citizen Kane Book**  
**Kael-Mankiewicz-Welles**  
**McClelland & Stewart; \$15**

*Citizen Kane*, one of Hollywood's most cult-creating efforts, also created its own library. Several new literary additions have been published, most notably **The Citizen Kane Book**, a handsome two-part presentation suitable for cultists and film students alike. Part One is Pauline Kael's essay/book, *Raising Kane*, reprinted from the *New Yorker*. Part Two is the complete, never-before-published shooting script by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Orson Welles, and the two parts make a bright, readable package. Miss Kael's research is good and gossipy, often razing Welles and Mankiewicz as she salutes their film. But despite the sideswipes she manages to crack the Rosebud legends with wry wit and a good sense of Lotus Land irony.

**Focus On Citizen Kane**  
**Ronald Gottesman**  
**Prentice-Hall; \$2.75**

The Prentice-Hall Film Focus series concentrates on the words Kane won, not the ones it used. Reviews by John O'Hara and Bosley Crowther, a commentary by French filmmaker Francois Truffaut, and an essay by Welles himself ("Citizen Kane Is Not About Louella Parson's Boss") make it useful for the film student's library, albeit a little too specific for the fan; but it contains much worthwhile material, neatly packaged.

**The Golden Days of San Simeon**  
**Ken Murray**  
**Doubleday; \$12**

San Simeon, the California castle of William Randolph Hearst, has been immortalized in word and photograph many times before, but seldom with such fervor. Ken Murray has collected many rare snapshots among the 167 featured, including some young stars at play — Bette Davis, Loretta Young, Robert Taylor, Henry Fonda. But the real stars are Hearst, Marion Davies and San Simeon itself, where every weekday lunch offered an opulence that the crowned heads of Europe only dreamed of. An entertaining contribution for Kane collectors.

**The Movies in the Age of Innocence**  
**Edward Wagenknecht**  
**Ballantine; \$2.95**

Author Edward Wagenknecht dedicates his book to the Gish girls (Lillian and Dorothy), and with good reason: it's a loving, nostalgic look at the era in which they flourished. A contradiction within itself, **Age Of Innocence** is a scholarly work, heavy with footnotes. Yet Wagenknecht's style makes it light and breezy reading. An appendix on Lillian Gish has charm, respect and affection, which is mutual; Wagenknecht is the lady's favorite film historian. Griffith's fans and film students alike will find the double index (names and titles) invaluable. A fine companion for Miss Gish's 1969 autobiography, *The Movies, Mr. Griffith and Me*.

**Focus on Chaplin**  
**Donald W. McCaffrey**  
**Prentice-Hall; \$2.75**

Comedy is the most serious study in the world," said Chaplin, and this book is an ideal companion to his 1964 memoirs, *My Autobiography*. Included in its pages are Chaplin's personal views on Mack Sennett and The Talkies, as well as essays on his special artistry by Winston Churchill and George Jean Nathan. An excellent, thoughtful volume in the Focus series, well-edited by contributor McCaffrey.

**A Short History of the Movies**  
**Gerald Mast**  
**Fitzhenry & Whiteside; \$16.25**

Now a young New York professor, Gerald Mast was born in Hollywood, and even worked as an extra on such diverse films as *Spartacus* and *Rally Round The Flag, Boys*. In his **Short History** he has produced the textbook stuff essay footnotes are made of — prose too pedantic to entertain and too brief to truly enlighten. All in all, 425 pages of *Everything About Film*, with a superlative supplementary reading list and an impressive index.

**Stanley Kubrick Directs**  
**Alexander Walker**  
**Longman; \$11.25**

British film critic and author Alexander Walker (*Sex In The Movies*, *Stardom: The Hollywood Phenomenon*) has produced an engrossing, highly visual study of one of America's foremost directors at work, up to Kubrick's early shooting schedule on *A Clockwork Orange*. *Paths Of Glory* gets the lion's share of attention, but *Dr. Strangelove* (or *Why Kubrick Changed The Ending*) and *2001: A Space Odyssey* are also dealt with in some detail. The more than 350 photographs are almost all from the films themselves, including shots of Kubrick at work on *Clockwork*.





# Hear No Evil, See No Evil, Speak No Evil: Ontario Film Censorship in Action.

...however one looks at it...the final decision on any given film is bound to be an arbitrary one, based not on facts but opinion...



by Bill Gray

The building itself is nondescript to the point of anonymity. A one storey red brick box of consummate stylelessness partially screened from the roadway by broad sloping lawns, flanked on two sides by the sprawling structures and spacious parking lots of the Leaside Memorial Community Gardens and Swimming Pool, it's the sort of place that defies detection by anyone who wasn't actually looking for it in the first place. There are no signs or other indicators to tell what it is, only an address, 1075 Millwood, emblazoned in bold letters across a rooftop marker, presumably for the benefit of the mailman.

But then the Theatres Branch of the Ontario Department of Tourism And Information, otherwise known as the Film Censor Board, doesn't really want people to know where it is. It's not a question of aloofness or inaccessibility but of tact. For the Board, like any group of Censors anywhere, is in a precarious position in relation to the public.

What it is, after all, is an appointed body of individuals functioning as proxy spokesmen for a populace they only obliquely represent in an area as sensitive, personal, and ultimately indefinable as public morality. Their job is to sit in judgement, to set up

and enforce standards of moral and social conduct in films that best reflect the consensus of the population under their jurisdiction, a difficult task in the most sedentary of societies, but in these morally traumatic times well nigh impossible.

And however one looks at it, however conscientious and thorough these censors may be in their deliberations, the final decision on any given film is bound to be an arbitrary one, based not on facts but opinions.

It is also bound for that very reason to be vigorously resented by major segments of the population, by those who cry out for more liberty on the one hand or more restrictiveness on the other. And the Board's natural response to this sort of public controversy is simply to remain as remote from it as possible. Mr. O. J. Silverthorn, Chairman of the Board since 1935, has never once in all that time called a press conference or appeared on radio or television. Why would he? In the area of censorship an informed public is likely to be an inflamed public. As it is now, the average Ontario filmgoer is aware that censorship is taking place, but he sees only its results, never its actual practice. He literally doesn't know what he's missing, not unless he's willing to drive to Buffalo to find out.

For where film cuts are concerned public information is non-existent. Nobody wants to talk about them, not the censors who made them, not the film distributors who have to live with them. Which makes sense from both points of view: the Board doesn't want the publicity and the distributors have an investment to protect.

Imagine how the box-office tallies for films like *The Stewardesses* or *Without A Stitch* would be affected if the ladies and gentlemen who patronize such pictures knew just how much had been censored out. It's no wonder film executives will go to any length to prevent the facts from leaking or even indulge in outright lies to help the cause along.

When *I Am Curious Yellow* opened in Toronto, for example, the word circulated on the picture that it had only a minute removed. In fact it was something like two and a half minutes, two and a half crucial minutes to devotees of that particular genre, but think what such knowledge would have done to business.

No, about the only time the at-large public is ever really made aware of the film censors' existence is on one of those occasions when a Hollywood producer type sweeps through town brandishing his integrity and publicly declaiming that he will never allow



his picture to be bastardized by cuts. Inevitably he backs down and opts for profits over principles, but in the meantime it's all out in the open and the letters to the editor start pouring in. It's the kind of situation the Board dislikes intensely. It would much rather remain unobtrusively in the background, a distant bureaucratic machine functioning smoothly well out of the limelight of the public gaze. It would much rather no one ever gave it a second thought.

In fact the Theatres Branch has been functioning smoothly and regularly in Ontario now for some 45 years, administering all of the many provisions and regulations empowered to it under the Theatres Act. And as a quick perusal of the Act reveals, there are many more than one might think.

For its role is not simply limited to regulating, censoring, approving and classifying all 16mm and 35mm films publicly exhibited in this province (8mm films and videotapes do not fall under the Board's jurisdiction, thus explaining the existence of the Cinema 2000 and of the many small Yonge Street Peep Show emporiums). It also regulates and controls all film advertising material, all posters, ads, billboards, commercials and film trailers; it licenses and inspects all theatres to make sure that the strict safety and hygiene standards called for by the Act are rigidly enforced; it approves the plans for and consults on the construction of all new theatres in the province; it licenses all film distributors and film exchanges; it licenses, tests, and inspects all theatre projectionists. In other words its powers in the area of film exhibition are just about all-encompassing.

Similar Boards exist in seven other provinces (Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland do not have them) and procedurally they all function very much alike. In the matter of censorial standards however, there is a considerable discrepancy between them, and Ontarians accustomed to regarding their province as progressive in terms of moral sophistication may be dismayed to learn that Quebec, British Columbia, Manitoba,

The Board would much rather remain unobtrusively in the background, a distant bureaucratic machine functioning smoothly well out of the public gaze...



and now perhaps even Saskatchewan are all generally rated more liberated.

This kind of inter-provincial inconsistency is a major headache to Canadian film distributors who could conceivably find themselves with one picture playing in eight different versions across the country. Yet given the fact that censorship is here to stay at least for the time being (and no country in the world allows films to circulate without any controls whatsoever), most of them seem to concur that the Board system as it is now practised is not at all a bad solution to a very complex problem.

One has only to examine the alternatives to discover why they might think so. In the United States for instance, where State Censor Boards were declared unconstitutional a few years back, the responsibility for overseeing public morality in the motion picture houses rests firmly on the shoulders of the local law enforcement agencies, and this can create countless problems. For if there's anything more arbitrary than a civilian censor, it's a police censor, and with obscenity laws being as vague and ill-defined as they are it's hardly surprising that, in the wake of the current floodtide of sexually explicit films, raids, arrests, trials, fines and sometimes even jail sentences for

offending distributors and theatre managers are becoming almost commonplace in some areas of the States. Although the police don't win all the cases, and some sort of precedent is gradually being established that will eventually curtail their powers in the censorship area, the whole situation amounts to a lot of bad publicity for the film industry. And bad publicity is bad business.

At least in Ontario and the other provinces a film company knows where it stands. It sends a film in to the Board, pays the censorship fee (yes the Board charges for its services) has it screened, cut, classified as the case may be, and ships it off to the theatres bearing the stamp of approval of an official government agency. And that's that. The company's covered, the exhibitor's covered, the patrons who actually pay to see the picture are covered. Or at least that's the way it's supposed to be.

In fact however, legally speaking, it's not quite the case. The passage of a film by a provincial Censor Board does not automatically exempt it from police surveillance and even police seizure. It should but it doesn't.

Just last December in both Manitoba and Saskatchewan, raids were conducted and arrests made in con-



Even a picture seized, tried, and acquitted on an obscenity charge, couldn't pass the Board despite its recorded legal clearance.



nection with the film *The Stewardesses* (in both cases the prints being exhibited were considerably "hotter", that is more complete, than the print which passed in Ontario). The respective Attorney General departments of those provinces felt that in fact their Boards had been too lenient and that the picture qualified as obscene entertainment.

It was an exceptional occurrence, the result apparently of a breakdown in communications between two government departments, but it was the kind of thing all Censor Boards dread, because in essence it calls their whole existence into question.

A Censor Board must maintain at least an illusion of ultimate authority in order to function with any value at all, and it can do so only under the current legal setup by somehow coordinating its standards with those of the provincial law enforcement bodies. Certainly in Ontario this is the case. Mr. Silverthorn and the Board are very much aware of the "limits of the law" so to speak, perhaps a little too aware.

For so concerned are they with avoiding any kind of confrontation with the Morality Squad that they tend to take a censorial attitude far more conservative in some areas than is in fact necessary. There is no doubt

that the Board could pass a lot more than it does without in any way incurring the displeasure of the law. But so far it has simply refused to take a chance.

The programmes that regularly play on videotape at the Cinema 2000 for example are, as already noted, not under the jurisdiction of the Board but of the police directly. And yet, as a general rule they contain scenes of a sexual explicitness far beyond anything the Board would ever allow. Obviously many things that the police find acceptable in terms of contemporary morality the Board does not.

Even a picture like *The Sex Life of Romeo and Juliet*, seized from the Cinema 2000, tried, and acquitted on an obscenity charge, couldn't pass the Board despite its recorded legal clearance.

Mr. Silverthorn explains the dichotomy of standards in terms of context. In other words the impact of such a picture on a twenty-five inch TV screen (as at Cinema 2000) is bound to be considerably less than it would be on a gigantic movie screen, making any comparison between the two media strictly spurious. To some extent he's certainly right, and yet at the very least there's room for conjecture here.

In any case the Board's long standing policy of non-confrontation has worked out very well for it. In its 45 years of existence, there has been only one instance of police intervention with a film already passed and approved by the Board. That of course was the infamous Hieronymus Merkin case of a couple of years ago, an affair which left everyone involved so embarrassed and regretful that it is not likely to be repeated again in this province without some kind of extraordinary provocation.

No, in Ontario when a film passes the Censor Board, it's for all intents and purposes free and clear. Nothing can happen to it from there. And that's the kind of security distributors appreciate.

What they also appreciate is the fact that no decision taken by the Board, whether it concerns cuts or classification or whatever, is totally irrevocable. There are always channels of argument and appeal left open. For though the decision may be arbitrary, the process of its application is anything but. For example, no cuts are made in any film until the distributor has first been informed in writing and has consented to the act of censorship. In the meantime he has the right to appear before the Board,



...the whole second look practice is probably best seen as a simple admission on the part of the Board that it has been wrong, that it's not infallible...



to meet the censors who brought down the decision and to try to convince them that they were a little too harsh.

There are times of course when the Board and the distributor and/or producer of a film simply cannot agree on a censorship policy and the permission to make the required cuts is withheld. In that case the film will either languish on the shelf until the producer changes his mind or it will be written off altogether in this province.

The Jack Nicholson picture *Drive He Said* is a good example of the former situation. It opened in Toronto some four months after it was originally scheduled because its producers had remained at least temporarily adamant about a lengthy cut. Likewise the contentious black feature *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* has more recently undergone the same sort of delay for the same reason. *Coming Apart*, the much praised Rip Torn film about a man who records his own mental disintegration on a series of home movies, never did play in Ontario after its producer-director refused to consider any form of censorship at all.

More often than not, however, compromise solutions are worked out, and on occasion the Board's

original decision may even be rethought and revoked entirely. The point is that there is a certain amount of flexibility possible.

Even after the final judgement has been made and a film is out in release, the Board is not above changing its opinion and softening its original stance, especially in the area of classification. Both *Woodstock* and *Easy Rider* first appeared in Ontario as Restricted movies, forbidden to anyone under eighteen years of age (or rather as the actual wording of the Act reads "to anyone apparently under eighteen years of age" – it's an important distinction). Yet during the course of their runs both films were re-examined by Mr. Silverthorn personally and re-rated as Adult Entertainment.

Likewise *Midnight Cowboy*, *Goin' Down The Road*, and *Billy Jack* all had their classifications lowered for a broader audience long after they had opened, and more recently *Rip-Off* underwent the same process, though it had to accept some cuts to do so.

An article in the show business paper *Variety* saw this whole situation in somewhat sinister terms, implying that only if a film proved itself successful with the public would it ever be reconsidered and re-rated. But there is little evidence for this.

Many films have been equally successful, *MASH* for instance, and have not had their classifications reduced. No, the whole second look practice is probably best seen as a simple admission on the part of the Board that it has been wrong, that it's not infallible.

And that's not an unimportant admission, for after all censors are only human. That's the problem. They have their good days and bad days like anyone else and what gets through on Monday, so to speak, might not make it on Friday.

The Board tries to compensate for these vagaries and inconsistencies of the human spirit in two elemental ways: by numbers, and by composition.

At the present time there are seven full time appointed film censors in Ontario. Besides Mr. Silverthorn they are Vice Chairman George Belcher, Frederick Scholes, Mrs. Evaleen Dunlop, Joseph Cunningham, Wendi Enright and Douglas Walker. Miss Enright in her mid-twenties is far and away the youngest member of the Board (indeed she may be the youngest film censor in Canada) while Mr. Silverthorn is of course the oldest. They are all, in Mr. Belcher's phrase, "representatives of an intelligent general public."

A show business or film background is not a requirement for the job and in fact only Mr. Walker, a former theatre manager, was even remotely connected with the industry. Just what the proper credentials are for a censor is still very vague, but presumably they lie somewhere in the area of character, intellect, and a general interest in the whole idea.

As with any Board of this size, there is an ideological split, a division of the ranks into liberal and conservative camps, though in the light of the general close-mouthed atmosphere prevailing around the Theatres Branch it's difficult to determine just who is on what side. In any case there is a kind of balance that theoretically should allow for fair and impartial decisions. Unanimity of opinion is not a prerequisite: a simple majority will do in deciding a picture's censorial



fate though in an extreme case even the majority's finding could be overruled by one of its executives, Mr. Silverthorn or Mr. Belcher. Just how often this happens is something the Board doesn't talk about.

For the five basic viewing members of the Censor Board however, the five who look at most of the films most of the time (though in fact the rules require that only three be present at any one time to constitute an official screening), life must sometimes resemble an incredible, never-ending endurance test. Five days a week they sit there in the darkened viewing theatre being bombarded by an average of three or four movies a day. And of course there's no question of selectivity, they must see everything; all the terrible bottom of the bill features, the dreary shorts, the promotional films and advertising trailers, all the hundreds of ethnic pictures in their native languages without subtitles, everything that plays for a price in the province of Ontario. The problem of retaining one's sense of judgement and equilibrium under such trying conditions must be acute.

The sheer volume of films passing before the weary eyes of these beleaguered censors is staggering. Figures are not yet available for the 1971-72 censorial season but it is safe

to assume that well over 700 feature films will have been submitted for examination by the time the totals are taken. And if the precedent of other years holds true, just about a hundred of them will have had cuts of one kind or another made to them, a fairly substantial percentage.

These cuts vary as to cause, nature, and length, but they fall into three main categories; violence, language, and nudity (with and without sex). In all categories it is difficult if not impossible to state definitively what will be allowed and what won't. The Board can't tell you what its criteria are, they're too fluid, they depend on the context, the treatment, the intent.

In the area of violence it's the new genre of western with its emphasis on slow motion death scenes and close-ups of bullets puncturing flesh that draws the particular ire of the Board. The classic case of this of course is *The Wild Bunch* of a couple of years ago. Despite the outraged protests of its producers it was significantly cut and the Censors have remained true to form ever since by handling its subsequent imitators in a similar fashion.

Italian and European made westerns have been frequent victims of the censor's shears in this province as have some of their American counter-

parts, *The Hunting Party* for example.

But, say the members of the Board, they are not against violence per se, just when it is, in their phrase, "without esthetic justification." *Straw Dogs*, directed by the same man, Sam Peckinpah, who gave us *The Wild Bunch*, and considered by many to be even more graphic in its portrayal of brutal physical violence than its predecessor, got by unscathed.

The language issue is something else again. Though the proliferation of four letter words and obscene jargon on the screen is a subject of the greatest concern to Mr. Silverthorn personally (and judging from the letters he receives, to theatre patrons as well) he is finding it increasingly difficult to justify a hard-line stance in this area. As he puts it, "When you can open just about any book and see these words on a printed page, how can we keep cutting them out of films?"

The answer is they can't and of late at least, they don't. Not that the door is wide open. The problems encountered by *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* have been mainly those of language and Joseph Strick's film *The Tropic of Cancer* was rejected here altogether on the same basis. But still, we've come a long way in the couple of years that have elapsed since Alan King's *Married Couple* had all that trouble with that one little word and how many times in total its use would be permitted.

According to Mr. Silverthorn the breakthrough case was *The Boys In The Band*. The Board passed it on the grounds that its liberal sprinkling of obscenities was "artistically merited" and thus set the precedent for things to come. But what it also did was make sure that all theatres exhibiting it carried a special notice in their box-offices warning prospective patrons of the nature of the film and its language. Since then the same solution has been used for other pictures of a similar ilk, most recently *Carnal Knowledge*. And it seems to be working.

As it stands now cuts for language are usually confined to pictures

...for the 1971-72 season over 700 feature films will have been submitted...And if the precedent of other years holds true, just about a hundred of them will have had cuts, a fairly substantial percentage..



...as far as sex is concerned, the Board hasn't really loosened up all that much...The scenes that were cut out of *I Am Curious, Yellow* in 1969 would still be cut today...



trying to avoid a Restricted rating, though even here (e.g. *Woodstock*) there is no hard and fast rule.

This classification factor looms large in the question of screen nudity as well. For as long as a film falls into the Restricted category, the Board will now generally allow even full frontal nudity as long as its context is not too overtly sexual and as long as it is not unduly exploited by extreme close-ups, zoom shots, or other kinds of camera emphasis. Such pictures as *The Devils* and *A Clockwork Orange*, uncut in Ontario, demonstrate this fact very clearly.

Only if a film applies for a lower rating will otherwise inoffensive nude scenes be trimmed as they were in *Ryan's Daughter* or in the Australian film *Walkabout* where the long shots of a naked Jenny were left intact but a couple of medium shots were eliminated.

When the element of explicit sexual activity is added to the nudity however, the whole issue takes on different proportions. For as far as sex is concerned, the Board hasn't really

loosened up all that much of late. The scenes that were cut out of *I Am Curious Yellow* in 1969 would still be cut today, scenes involving full length copulation (or at least simulated copulation) and genital contact that are still very much verboten in Ontario, except perhaps at Cinema 2000.

For this is the area where the Board treads very lightly and with great trepidation, the grim spectre of the Morality Squad hovering before its collective mind's eye. This is the area where it believes trouble would come and this is the one category of censorship in which the Board has remained firm.

"I don't think we can go much farther than we have done already" says Mr. Silverthorn though comparatively speaking they haven't really gone very far at all. There's been a whole sexual revolution taking place in films in the States and elsewhere in recent years that has bypassed this province completely.

The folks in Buffalo for example can see things in the local Bijou that

Make **your** views known now!

Fill out the questionnaire and send it to us—we'll forward them all to the Censorship Board and publish the results in **Impact**.

Should censorship be abolished entirely in Ontario?

Yes ☐ No ☐

If you checked 'no', continue the questionnaire (see over)...

Tell us about yourself:

Occupation

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_

Married or single

City (and borough)

How many times per month do you go to a movie?

Return the questionnaire to us

Censorship  
**Impact Magazine**  
31 Mercer Street  
Toronto 135, Ontario



Is the procedure used today satisfactory?

Yes ☐ No ☐

If not, how should it be altered:

In the following categories, is censorship now too permissive or too conservative?

- |             |                                       |                                     |
|-------------|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Language | conservative <input type="checkbox"/> | permissive <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Violence | conservative <input type="checkbox"/> | permissive <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Nudity   | conservative <input type="checkbox"/> | permissive <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Sex      | conservative <input type="checkbox"/> | permissive <input type="checkbox"/> |

Name any particular films that have offended you recently

---

---

In what areas should censorship be exercised?

(Check as many as you wish)

- |                                 |                          |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. The film itself              | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. The advertising              | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Outside the theatre on signs | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Who should be responsible for censorship?

- |                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. A government board | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. The police         | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. The Film companies | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. The theatre owners | <input type="checkbox"/> |

**The Censorship Board:** Should it report to the public via the media?

Yes ☐ No ☐

If yes, how often?

Regularly ☐ Often ☐ Seldom ☐

How should its members obtain office?

Elected ☐ Appointed ☐

Other (indicate):

---

Who should be on the board?

(Indicate your ideal board by vocation, for example politicians, clergy, artists . . .)

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would leave sheltered Torontonians shaking their heads in disbelief, pictures that not only couldn't escape wholesale cuts, but couldn't pass here at all. The distributors know it so they don't even bother to try for fear of somehow arousing the Board's wrath.

Even the films of this type that do get through are generally pre-censored before the Board ever sees them. Many of them are released in so-called *Hot* and *Cool* versions, terms which are self explanatory. And in Ontario it's definitely the *Cool* version that's submitted for examination.

But so what? What we're talking about here aren't respectable, reputable films, they're skin flicks, sexploitation pictures, movies without the slightest shred of esthetic merit or artistic justification. Are these the kind of films we want on public exhibition in the province of Ontario?

Well that's not the point. The point is how do they relate to our contemporary public morality, the Board's supposed censorial guideline? Do they depress it or simply reflect it? And how does one account for the iniquities of standards? Are the people of Buffalo so much more mature and stable that they can assimilate scenes of sexual activity in their films that we cannot? Is the Board truly aware of what's happening morally and socially today or is it still acting upon outdated precedents?

The questions keep coming and the answers are nowhere in sight. Because a basically irrational, arbitrary (there's that word again) process like censorship allows for no rational, objective solutions. Whether the Board is really doing its job or not depends entirely on one's point of view.

There are those who would like to see the Board, all Boards, disposed of completely, to see censorship per se replaced by a rigidly enforced rating system which would permit, in effect, anyone over the age of eighteen to see anything he wants.

As society is presently constructed however this is hardly a practical solution. The removal of the Board would not result in the removal of

censorship. It would simply shift it, as it has in the U.S., into the hands of the police, not at all a satisfactory arrangement.

No, given the fact of censorship, the Board system should work fairly well, but only if the various individual Boards across the country are willing to submit themselves to constant re-evaluations of standards to try and arrive at a more realistic relationship with a public morality that is constantly fluctuating and evolving around them. Right now there is a gap between what society will bear and what most Boards will allow. Certainly in Ontario this is the case. And this gap has to be closed or at least reduced.

A system now in use in British Columbia may offer a partial solution to the problem. There the Board has been able to liberalize its standards considerably over the past year or so by adopting a regulation that forces distributors and theatre chains to publicly state in all ads, billboards, and theatre marquees just what the contents of each picture are and what the areas of possible offense might be. In this way, each patron is made aware of exactly what he's going to see before he sees it and the risk of provocation is made almost minimal.

It seems to be working out quite well in B.C. though its chances of importation to this province remain slim at the moment in the light of Mr. Silverthorn's expressed personal dislike of it.

However that too could change. We've come a long way in the area of film censorship in the last couple of years. Before one gets too critical of the Board it's best to remember that.

But it needs remembering too that we still have a long way to go.

Meanwhile, 'Buffalo's not all that far.

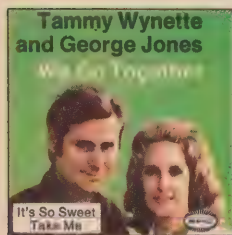




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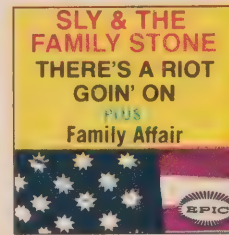
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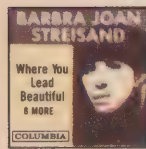
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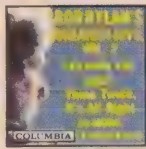
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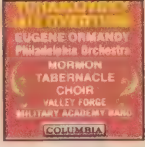
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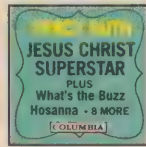
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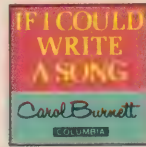
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## Norman Jewison at 24 Frames Per Second.

by Pat Annesley



*God, how I miss the bush. The wide open spaces, and the solitude. The kind of solitude that one needs, that I think everyone needs. Or at least, that I need.*



### Tuesday

He got off the plane looking like a kid, all hyped up for a big game. He'd already hit the high spots on this promotional tour: New York, Los Angeles. But Toronto, for Norman Jewison, is a special place. It was home for his first thirty-three years. It's where he got his start, where they still look at his work with that merciless, hypercritical eye reserved for hometown boys who made good.

Elsewhere they call him a success, and leave it at that. A film phenomenon. All of his movies, except the ill-fated *Gaily, Gaily*, have been box-office blockbusters. *The Cincinnati Kid*. *The Thomas Crown Affair*. *The Russians are Coming*. *The Russians are Coming*. *In the Heat of the Night*. Jewison, they say, is probably the most successful producer-director in the business.



In Toronto, his very success works against him. They call him slick, commercial. Sell-out is what they're really saying. *Gone Hollywood*. But then, he's a native son. And in this country we're tough on our own.

He's forty-five now. At the apex. *Fiddler* is the most lavish one yet, and the toughest: a \$9 million biggie. A lot is expected of him now. He's no longer the boy wonder, and he knows it. He keeps saying things like, "I'm not that young anymore. I don't know how many pictures I have left in me." He's forty-five, but he still looks like a kid. A small, grey-haired, Puck-faced kid in a leather jacket and bellbottoms, playing traffic cop in the airport customs office as a small squad of uniformed chauffeurs coped with the fifteen pieces of luggage.

Outside, there were two limousines waiting. One for the VIP's, one for the luggage. Here was Norman, in his brown leather jacket with the zipper, unzipped as usual. He was clowning around with one of those fifteen-cent miniature Canadian flags. He and Topol took it to the hockey game in New York, to let the other 20,000 people know they were cheering for the Toronto Maple Leafs.

There was Dixie, an ex-model, the girl he married in Toronto nearly twenty years ago. During the Hollywood years he told *Life* magazine: "I'd like to move to Europe, do pictures over there. I don't like this going off on a film and leaving the family. First thing you know you'll be messing around with another woman."

They moved to London in 1970.

Topol, the star, and his dark-eyed wife Galia, were turtlenecked and sheepskinned against Toronto's first snowstorm of the season. "Norman promised us autumn leaves in colors such as we have never seen," said Topol. "All ablaze in the sunlight. Are you sure this is Toronto, Norman?"

But Norman was in a huddle with the United Artists public relations man. "How're we doing on advance sales? Yeah? Great. Listen, have you seen the L.A. Times review? Fan-tastic. I want to find out how the receipts are going in New York . . ."



*They talk about the wide open spaces of California. You know, I think the population of California is about the same as the whole of Canada. You can imagine what it's like, when you get in the car and drive for six, seven hours, across the Mojave Desert, back into the foothills, and then you get a packhorse, and you ride for another few hours, way up into the mountains, to where there's a lonely, natural stream – and when you get there you find twenty people.*

The first interview was with the Varsity, the University of Toronto newspaper. He graduated from U of T in 1949, with a BA. It was the same era that produced Don Harron, Norman De Poe, Lloyd Bochner, Harvey Hart, Art Hiller, Eric House. Mainly they remember Norman for his campus reviews. In his final year he directed the first All-Varsity Review, starring Don Harron.

After the Varsity interview, it was the Elwood Glover Show at the CBC and Norman kept telling anyone who'd listen about the parking lot out there, where he used to throw up. They laughed. They thought he was making jokes about his youthful booze-ups. He wasn't though. He threw up in the parking lot from tension, before and after shows. Regularly.



He wore a suit and tie for the Glover show. The studio audience was mostly women, wearing hats. Topol was there too. They told the Irving joke, with just as much relish and chuckling as when they told it on the David Frost Show the week before. They tell it, now, in the context of *Fiddler*, and a conversation between the Israeli star and the Gentile director. But as it appeared in a magazine article in 1968, it went something like this:

Norman was just breaking into American television in New York (Hit Parade, Belafonte and Garland specials), and he looked like the hottest new variety director in town. One day his agent came to him, looking worried, and asked if he'd ever considered changing his name. "Why?" said Norman. "Because it sounds too Jewish."

The fact that it wasn't Jewish (it's Eng-

lish) was beside the point, in the agent's view. It started with JEW, and everybody would *think* it was Jewish. Norman said he'd think it over, came back the next day and said he'd decided to take the agent's advice.

"I'm going to change it to Christianson. Irving Christianson."

After the Glover show it took him



twenty minutes to make his way to the lobby. The foyer was jammed with old CBC friends, wanting to say hello to old "Normie." Rich Little was waiting to introduce his new wife. Jack Duffy was there, and Norman invited him to the post-premier party. There was a lot of embracing, and cheek-kissing.

An old-cronies lunch at The Four Seasons. Then back to the hotel suite for a couple of fast telephone calls before the next interview. The calls were to United Artists executives in New York. They had good news. Box-office receipts in New York, one week after the opening, were the highest in cinema history. And the two *femmes terribles* of film criticism, Judith Crist and Pauline Kael, had both come out with long, ecstatic reviews. *Fiddler* was in.

He came off the phone on a high that was to last the rest of the day and night. Every few minutes he'd throw his arms around Topol and they'd go into a little huddle with low, excited murmuring, erupting into great joyous hoots and slaphappy giggles.

"You have to understand what it's like," he said in the limousine, on the way back to the CBC for the Weekday show. "This is the time, you know. When it all comes together. You spend two and a half years of your life, and you put everything you have into it, and you never know. You just never know. How it's going to hit. The public. The critics.

"It's really fantastic, you know. Reader's Digest is doing this thing on it. Pauline Kael took a full page in *The New Yorker*. And even Rex Reed liked it. He raved about it. It got to him. I mean, *Rex Reed*."





At the Weekday show, another ecstatic review. Jeanine Manatis, who can be as devastating as any of the New York lionesses in her clipped, on-air reviews, had fallen in love with *Fiddler*. She delivered a five-minute string of superlatives into the camera with Norman and Topol sitting beside her, unseen except by the people in the studio. At first they exchanged pleased glances, and then after a while they were avoiding one another's eyes.

The Weekday show was taped at Studio 6, in the CBC's famous Kremlin complex on Jarvis Street. Old friends, technicians, floor directors, clustering around him. Old memories crowding in of the good old days when CBC-TV was just getting born.

"This is where it all started. Right here. Did you know that? Right here in this little studio. All the rest was built around it."

He was holding court in the control room, going through a long list of names, anecdotes, whatever-happened-to's, programs. "Remember Uncle Chichimus, the puppet show? We got away with a lot on that show. We used to take shots at politics, the CBC, sex, long before anybody else could do it. Puppets can make great sweeping statements, you know, and it's okay. Be-



cause they're not real. We used to get together every day, and write it. Fun. Lots of fun . . .

" . . . and all we had was a couple of old BBC cameras, and one mike boom . . . I can remember kicking the construction forms out for

the control room in this studio. They had the control room running right off the studio. All wrong. And Stu Griffiths said, 'What should we do?' And I said, 'Well, we could kick the forms out before they pour the concrete.' So that's what we did . . . It was, you know . . . a very creative time."

Back to the Park Plaza, for a quick change into a tuxedo. The pre-premiere reception, for the holders of the \$50 tickets, was in the Park Plaza ballroom. Half a block away at the University Theatre, the \$20 ticket holders were waiting, along with a group on the sidewalk who had no tickets, but who came to see the celebrities. Tomorrow they could get in to see *Fiddler* for the usual \$3.50, but tonight belonged to the well-heeled. All proceeds tonight would go to the Variety Club of Toronto for its crippled children's projects, at the insistence of Norman Jewison.

Norman, steering Dixie through the crowd in her black-and-gold evening gown, looked tense. The high was temporarily suspended. His baby was about to be unveiled, in his home town. He smiled automatically into the TV cameras, answering the familiar, inane questions by rote.

Inside, he hunched forward in his seat, one leg doing a little dance over the other one in an old nervous habit. Just as the screen was lighting up, someone opened a stage door, throwing the lighting off.

"Close the door!" he muttered, half-rising in his seat. And moments later: "They're ten seconds late opening the curtain. Eleven seconds. Come on!"

Back at the hotel suite, the high was back on. He was Norman the host, crisscrossing the huge, crowded living room of the royal suite, embracing, being embraced, smiling acceptance of the accolades.

"Thank you. Thank you. Well, I'm glad you felt that way, because you know, we had quite a problem with that shot . . ."

It was a friends-and-family party. Parents, sisters, aunts, cousins, the entire Jewison and Dixon clans. Topol and Galia. Best friend Wally Koster. Plus a couple of dozen old cronies from the business. There was some old-times talk, but mostly it was *Fiddler* Night in Canada. And Norman, hometown boy who made good, didn't take off his tie until nearly 2 a.m. in the corner with Norman Campbell.



## Thursday

Wally? It's Norman. How are you? No, I'm in L.A. Listen, I'm coming up next week, and I was wondering if we could get in some deer hunting. Is this the time of year? Can we make a deer camp? Hell, that doesn't matter. I don't care whether I fire the gun or not. I just want to see a maple leaf. I don't care if they're all on the ground. I just want to see one. I just want to stand in the bush and shiver. And think.



There were countless interviews and it was the cocktail hour by the time the young man from Canadian Press arrived, and Norman was tired. He mixed himself a drink, sank back on the pale-green chesterfield, and it began again. Same questions, same answers. Trying to make the words a little different each time. But now, he was too tired for ingenuity.

"Yes, I'd like to do a movie in Canada. And I've read a lot of scripts, of films that would be shot here. I've just never found one that I thought . . . worked. Anyway, you know, it's not that important where a film is shot. Films should be made for the world. The Canadian Film Development Corporation should know that. I'm glad they're doing something. It's about time. Countries half our size have a movie industry of their own. Look at Sweden. Israel.

"But I think the government could do a lot more. We should have quotas on American-made movies, as England does. And we could have tax concessions as they have in Israel and England. If I make a movie in England, the government will give me back all the money, all the tax, that's collected at the box office. That's to encourage filmmakers to make their films in England. I don't see why Canada couldn't do the same.

"No, well, I don't really see *Fiddler* so much as a story about Jews, as a story about people. Sholom Aleichem was writing about life, humanity, people . . .

"Yes, my first musical. And I was frightened of doing a musical. There aren't many



musicals that I really like. But I've always looked at *Fiddler* as being a folk opera, rather than a musical . . .

"Important to me, yes. It's two and a half years out of your life, you know. And I'm not that young anymore. I don't know how many films I have left in me. I used to think *The Cincinnati Kid* was my favorite film. But not anymore. I think this film has something important to say, for everybody. I think this film will last . . ."

He was ultra-courteous, as usual. But he was tired, and the interviewer was very young. When he talked about his future projects – *Jesus Christ Superstar*, a western, then maybe a Canadian film at last, Mordecai Richler's *Atuk* – and the interviewer asked who Richler was, and how to spell his name – Norman stared at him for a long moment.

"Well," he said finally, "you just check. I'd just check, if I were you. Because he happens to be the most important Canadian writer today. Don't you ever – you know, you should read Canadian writers. There are some pretty good ones around."



It was a gentle enough reproof, but for the first time he came close to letting go. Maybe because of it, he let the interview trail on another twenty minutes when it was already long past the set time. Finally he said, very softly, with a smile: "I'm sorry. I'm going to have to call it a day. I'm exhausted."



## Friday

*I think Kevin was three weeks old, when I put him in a car carrier in the canoe and paddled ten miles across the lake to a friend's cabin. It was pitch-dark, but the water was like glass. I've tried to pass on the — my heritage, I guess — to my children*

Back to Studio 6 for a 9:30 a.m. taping. The Two-Thirty Toronto Time show, with Barbara Frum. Topol and Norman pretend to help one another up the stairs, groaning in unison. They had a long night. And then it turned out they didn't want Topol, only Norman. Topol could have flown back to Tel Aviv yesterday as he had planned. The Israeli star controlled himself, smiled his understanding of the mix-up. But Norman was quietly outraged. He fired some pointed questions at the PR man, then turned to the young script girl. "Well, couldn't you change it?" She clutched her clip board to her chest, looking miserable. But she said: "Well no, frankly. I'd rather not."

Norman told her she'd be sorry when Topol became a great international star, but he lightened his tone. The thing was set. And as soon as the program began, the reason was evident. They had put together a mini-retrospective on Norman's work. Stills from his early CBC shows, and film clips, scenes from his best-known movies.

Norman was impressed, and pleased. The faux pas forgotten, he peered delightedly at the monitor, re-living Uncle Chichimus and The Big Revue and the early days in Studio 6, "where it all started."

The interview was less warming.

"So now you're going to do *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the greatest rock opera of them all, and then —" "You said that. I didn't."

"Well, the big, spectacular musical, then. You want to stay with that."

"No. I make films from the heart."

"What happens to you, when you're a big director-star?"

Pause.

"What do you mean by that?"

Norman, who listens to words, repeatedly challenged the statements built into the questions. One wondered how many people would have let them slide. It was an interesting interview.

After the show, a presentation at the mayor's office. Groans all around. Including the PR man. Who arranges these things? But they went, and Dixie and Norman's mother, and his sister, and his Aunt Bertha, were waiting in the foyer, wearing their furs. They, at least, were a little impressed. Except for Dixie, who emerged from the awkward, fifteen-minute encounter muttering, not quite under her breath: "Shit."

In the car Norman told her, in a low

voice: "I'm sorry to put you through that."

He spent the afternoon at the hospital, visiting his father. Percy Joseph Jewison, eighty-one, long retired from his dry-goods store in the east end, had suffered a slight stroke the week before. Still very alert and active, he had hated missing all the *Fiddler* hoopla. But Norman found time to see him every day, and once, instead of all the fruit and flowers, he took along some 16-mm. film of the movie.

It was 5:30 when he got back to the Park Plaza. Dixie was entertaining a friend, fashion photographer Beverley Rockett. He mixed himself a drink, lighted up a cigarette, and collapsed on the bed in the other room. His official schedule was over. This was the last interview. He was a little hoarse.

He talked about his childhood, helping out in his dad's store, spending summers at the cottage, and at his relatives' farms.

"They were all farmers, you know. My granddad owned a livery stable in Millbrook. My dad came to Toronto in his early teens, but he always missed being on the land. We all love to grow things. We're not happy unless we're gardening, making things grow in the soil. In California the only time we were alone, the only time I ever really felt at ease, was in the back garden.

"The store was called Jewison's Dry Goods Store. As a kid I sold everything from wool to ladies' corsets. I did, too. Only sometimes the ladies got embarrassed, and I had to call my mother . . .

"Aunt Bertha. Isn't she remarkable? She's eighty-eight. And three years ago she was still teaching English to New Canadians. She never married. She was a great teacher. She had a tremendous influence on me when I was young. Taught me to read when I was about four or five. And long before that, she had me memorizing psalms out of the Bible. We were all brought up very strong Methodists.

"She was the one that paid for piano lessons for me. Never liked it, but I got to Grade 11, wrote exams at the Conservatory. And that, really, was the basis for my involvement with music in my work. You know, it helps when you can read a score.

"She had me reading Macaulay's *History of England* when I was seven. And years later, in university, when they'd tell me to look up something in Macaulay, I could say: Hell, I read that when I was seven. But the thing is, she made it fun for me. She made learning a fascinating experience.

"I've always worked. First in the store. And then when I was twelve I got a bike, and I delivered groceries. Drove a cab and waited tables





to get through university. I always wanted to be an actor and a writer. But my father, for some reason, wanted me to go into the diplomatic service. I think he wanted me to do the travelling he'd never done.

"I got as far as writing the exams for the foreign service. I even went to Ottawa for an interview with some guy in External Affairs. And we talked for a while, and finally he said to me: 'Is this what you really want? What do you really want to do?' And I said: 'I want to be in show-business.' So he said: 'Well, what the hell are you doing here?' And he told me to go see a man named Stuart Griffiths, who had just been put in charge of television for the CBC. I did, and a year and a half later he sent me a telegram in London.



'We're ready to start television, and if you want to be a part of it come on back. There's a job for you.' So I owe my career, I guess, to Stu Griffiths.

"I always had the drive. I don't really know where it came from. I know that there were times, in London, when I was hungry. I mean really hungry. And that's something that stays with you.

"But I was always together, you know? Even during the years in New York and California, I don't think I ever lost track of who I was, or what I believed in. And one of the things I was, was very much a Canadian. So are my kids. I think it's inevitable that when you're living away from home, you become more chauvinistic. But not nationalistic.

"I don't believe in nationalism.

"Once in California one of the boys, I guess it was Mike, got into trouble at school because he refused to stand up for the American national anthem. And I had to explain to him that it was a courtesy, that's all. That your values must relate to reality, to what really is real. A flag isn't that important. What's more important is . . . the sunset on a lake, or . . . d'you know what I mean?

"I loved Yugoslavia. The people. You know, they work so hard. They never stopped their work to come and watch what we were doing. Their work was more important to them. The land. They're very close to the land, and to their animals. It's such a hard life. And yet, to me, there was more joy in that little backwoods village in Yugoslavia than in California, with all its swimming pools and three-car garages.

"California . . . well, maybe I just got tired always of losing. I supported Adlai Stevenson, Kennedy, King. The anti-ABM campaign was the last one I was involved in. I got tired, and frustrated. And I didn't see any changes. Reagan became governor. The polarization became greater. Nixon became president. And I thought: I'm a Canadian. What am I doing? It's time I either went home, or went someplace else. I'd lived in London, and it's an easier place to work from, as a film centre. But who knows? Maybe I'll end up coming back here . . ."

The door to the vice-regal living room opened. It was Dixie. She gave him a long look and said: "Beverley's husband is here. I'd like you to come out and meet him." She'd had enough for one week, of the publicity-tour schedule. The door closed. Norman smiled.

"That," he said, "is the boss talking." And the publicity-tour schedule was over. For this trip.

"When I moved to New York I was very frustrated. Because I missed - I couldn't get - I mean, it's all right, living in Toronto, because you can get away. But New York . . . do you know, I think you'd have to drive all the way to Maine, to be alone? Frank Lloyd Wright was right, you know. This is all wrong, all this high-rise, putting people on top of one another. People need space. Space, and solitude. Especially solitude."





by George Antheus

The silence of the dressing room is disturbed by a low rumbling sound which grows louder until it sounds like distant thunder. Then faint shouts are heard: "More! More!" and then silence again. Then a big clap of thunder, hard, fast and excited. An audience has just told the star that they like the song she is singing. It begins:

*What good is sitting alone in your room?*

*Come, hear the music play!*

After five minutes or so the thunder sounds again, but louder this time, as if lightning has struck. Then the dressing room door springs open and in walks Liza Minnelli. Slumping in the dressing room chair, she lights a cigarette and exhales slowly. "Did you see what happened out there? At the end two guys ran out to shake my hand! God, how I hate that! So I pranced over to the other side of the stage, and there were two or three ladies waiting right there!! Trapped! So I had to dance, of course. It's a holdover from Momma."

Earlier in the show she had sipped water on stage after a strenuous dance number, "and some guy in the front row says is it Liebfraumilch? Verry 'n'!" she added with a scowl. "Momma used to drink Liebfraumilch, and it was in a lot of spots. The crazy thing is, she never drank it on stage. I always put water in the glass. And I know, because I was the one who put it there every night."

Liza Minnelli has a complex voice and a somewhat director-like sense of humor. She has odd physical features: a nose you suspect she doesn't care for, bubble gum eyes and a too-wide mouth. Photographs record these facts but seldom capture her essence. She dresses to please herself, in casual, tailored slacks and tops ("I like to look like a female Fred Astaire.") She follows the star in make you like her if she works at it. But she is remarkably unaware of her own physical attractiveness - "let's face it, I'm not pretty." Pretty she's not. Striking she is. When Minnelli walks out on stage for the first time there is always some male reaction that genuinely surprises her. And one woman travelled 400 miles just to see "little Liza." When the statuesque Min-

*Continued on page 26*

LIZA



# 1972

**FAMOUS  
PLAYERS  
THEATRES**

**20<sup>th</sup>  
CENTURY  
THEATRES**

PRESENT SCENES FROM THE BIG MOTION PICTURE  
ATTRACTIONS OF 1972.



**"THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE"** From Warner Bros., Stanley Kubrick's explosive film has been named 'Best Picture of the Year' by major critics.

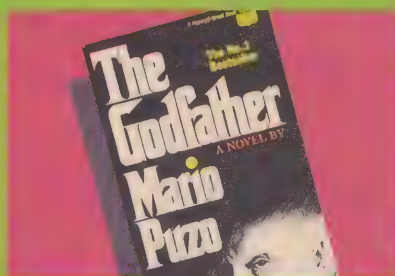


**"CABARET"** From Allied Artists, The smash musical hit with Liza Minnelli and Joel Gray recreating his Tony Award-Winning Broadway role.



**"A CAREY TREATMENT"** From Metro Goldwyn Mayer, James Coburn and Jennifer O'Neill star in this fast-paced mystery set in Boston.

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**"THE GODFATHER"** From Paramount Pictures, The best-selling book is now the most powerful motion picture in years.



**"POCKET MONEY"** From National General Pictures, Paul Newman and Lee Marvin co-star in this contemporary western filmed in Texas cattle country.



**"BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS"** From Bellevue Film Distributors, Walt Disney magic brings spell-binding fun for the whole family.



**"WHERE DOES IT HURT?"** From International Film Distributors, Peter Sellers rides again in this mad comedy set in a private hospital.



**"WHAT'S UP DOC?"** From Warner Bros. Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neil in a comedy with music filmed in beautiful San Francisco.



nelli made her entrance in a gown slashed up and down to the navel, the woman, disillusioned, groaned to her friend, "Christ! She's beautiful!"

Minnelli's first film role was in *Charlie Bubbles* as Albert Finney's secretary-cum-Girl-Friday. Then she waited for *The Sterile Cuckoo*, when her performance as Pookie Adams won her a Best Actress nomination. Next came Otto Preminger's *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon* ("I don't regret the experience, I just regret the way the picture turned out."). In her next film she'll play Scott Fitzgerald's wife Zelda, directed by her father, musical comedy pioneer Vincente Minnelli. ("Another dream comes true – I hope.")

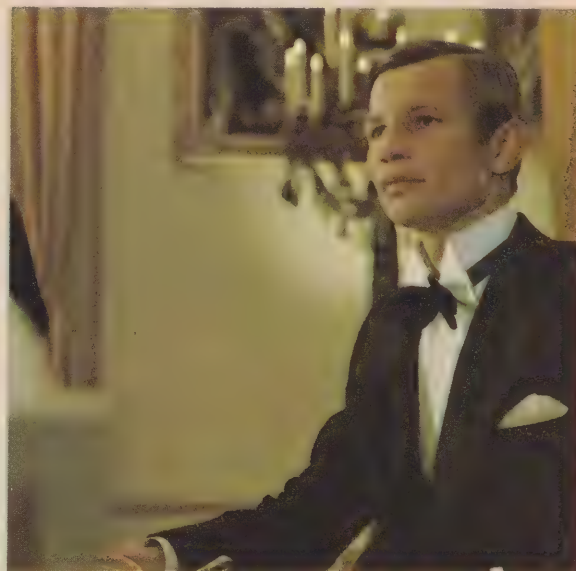
She only does films she wants to do, and to support that expensive habit she plays special engagements in Miami, New York, Las Vegas, Paris and occasionally other big cities, if she gets a deal she likes.

One film she did want to do was *Cabaret*. "I knew seven years ago I'd get it." She got it.

*Cabaret* in its original form was by Christopher Isherwood, a literate comedy-drama about pre-war Berlin and its people. Leading the pack was Sally Bowles, a desperate, immaturely madcap heroine brought to life first by Julie Harris, who repeated her success in the 1955 film version. Ten years later it became a Broadway musical with a bittersweet score and unanimous rave re-

most got acute asphyxiation every time we did a number." She was anxious to work with Fosse, a veteran of MGM musicals and a brilliant dancer-choreographer and director. But she was nervous about it, too.

"I rushed to see *Sweet Charity* as soon as I heard that he and Shirley MacLaine were doing it as a film. But it was awful, so frustrating as a musical – I was so disappointed. Then when we met for the first time in Germany, almost the first thing he said was that he was really keen to do



From the film *Cabaret*



views. Liza, Michael York and Joel Grey, the star of the Broadway *Cabaret*, spent five and a half months in Munich and West Berlin last spring shooting the picture.

"*Cabaret* means a great deal to me. I'm just so proud to be a part of that film . . ." She reached for a cigarette. The smoke got in her eyes and she winced. "Lovely. Just like that set. Bob Fosse wanted the cabaret set to be authentic, and authentic meant smokey. So he built a completely enclosed set, four walls, no walls down for the camera to shoot from or anything phoney. We al-

*Cabaret* because he had really screwed up *Sweet Charity*. That made me feel better right away, because he knew what mistakes he'd made and he'd learned from them.

"What he's done with *Cabaret* is totally brilliant, and that's not the usual sell-the-picture crap, either – I mean it, or I just wouldn't mention it. I don't know if the film will succeed or not, but I'm awfully glad I was part of it." She chuckled. "Anyway, it's probably the first R-rated musical. I don't see how it can get a better rating than that. It gets pretty rough at times.

"I had to do my own make-up for *Cabaret* – there wasn't much money, so we had to do everything ourselves and it's fantastic – my hair is like this" (she pulled it in a widow's peak in front and brought side pieces into a Thirties style) "and I had to wear long false fingernails" (mainly because she bites her own) "and Fosse made us dress for every rehearsal. Nothing slapdash about it, I can tell you. We rehearsed for three or four weeks before we ever saw a camera."

They had to shoot some alternate scenes (one for the movie, one less raunchy version for projected television sales) and one of them took two days to shoot, "because of my hands." Liza's hands are in a constant state of trembling, an affliction common to several artists. "So there I am in my long stuck-on green fingernails in the woods



with Michael York, and I'm supposed to pick up two three-leaf clovers and tear two leaves off one and put them together, so it looks like a four-leaf clover, and hand it to him. It was a disaster. One time he got a three-leaf clover and a fingernail." She shook her head ruefully.

"That picture is *really* authentic. I mean Fosse wouldn't even let the girls shave under their arms, and they just hated it! That's how you can tell that I'm the *star*, because I'm the only one who doesn't have hairy armpits."

A knock on the door heralded the stage manager "with a few friends who want to say hello." She shrugged and nodded, and he brought in two women and a well-dressed man. "We saw you in Miami and we just loved you." Liza smiled politely. "Thank you." The other woman leaned forward a little. "How can you sing after you've danced like that, and at the same time!" Liza smiled again.

"Actually I find it helps. Opens up the chest cavity, so I get more air for singing." The man smiled this time. "Well, we just wanted you to know that we think you're terrific – and that has nothing to do with your mother." Liza blinked. There was an awkward silence, and she turned to the first woman. "I just love your coat – did you get it here?" After a few minutes of chatter about good places to buy coats the man said, "We'll go, because we know you must be busy." Liza smiled again, thanked them for coming backstage, and closed the door firmly behind her with a sigh. "They think I'm terrific but it has nothing to do with my mother?" she asked her reflection in the mirror. "Wouldn't my father be surprised to hear that!

"When Dad saw *Cabaret* he really flipped. Geoffrey Answorth, the cinematographer, did some pretty fantastic things with it. *Cabaret* was one of those fantastic experiences when *everything* was important, not just this number or that scene.

It's really a stylized documentary, and *authentic*!" She rolled her eyes. "It doesn't look like *our* idea of what the thirties was like. It looks like The Thirties!

"My father is an incredibly gifted man. I think he's tops, naturally, but some of his films are so sensational." She has trouble choosing her favorite Minnelli musical – "that's so difficult. *Meet Me In St. Louis*, *Gigi*, *An American In Paris* – I really don't know. What made his films so distinctive was that he was the first one to make songs part of the story in a musical. Until he changed the style of musicals, people always played singers or dancers, and all the musical numbers were done on stage or around a rehearsal piano. But he had people sing whether they were on a boat or under the Arc de Triomphe. I'm sure that's one of the reasons he got such a kick out of *Cabaret*, because we return to the old style of stopping dead and doing numbers that don't necessarily have anything to do with the plot."



Liza's father is not the only one who adored the film. The producers believe they have a potential Oscar champ in the picture, and have delayed its release until 1972 for that reason. At this time there is only one other musical scheduled for '72 release, *Man of La Mancha*. (A '71 release would have to compete with *The Boy Friend* and, more important, *Fiddler*.) "They also didn't want me to have to run against Jane Fonda again," Liza added with a chuckle. She and Fonda were strong contenders in 1970, when Liza was up for Best Actress for *The Sterile Cuckoo* and Fonda was nominated for *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* By mid-'71 the *Cabaret* brass decided Fonda was a shoo-in for a nomination for her work in *Klute*, and decided to keep the film under wraps.

"Anyway," said Liza Minnelli, "that stuff's not important. The important thing is the picture, right? And it's good. I mean, I think it's good. Gee, I hope you like it. I do."





# SPRING REHEARSALS

In the picture for spring fashion are as many roles as you want to play. Slip into the romance of the past in turn-of-the-century clothes reminiscent of the grandeur of the Romanov Empire; or the dash-and-dazzle of The Thirties, Cabaret-style; or the tailoring of blazers and shirts plus ties borrowed from the boys in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight* and *The Godfather*. Or dress according to any number of character parts: sensuous, natural, classic, glamorous, gamine. On these pages *Impact* presents just some of the possibilities for the matinee, early show and late show hours.





On camera is Nicole in a dramatic jersey longshirt complete with hood and a cascade of buttons. About \$95. Vivian starts the cameras rolling in a southern belle cotton voile, extravagantly full in sleeve and skirt. About \$80. Both from J. H. Warsh.





*Announcing: Nicole in a Chinese-inspired jersey gown (about \$160), Vivian in a rustle of taffeta, Spanish-style (about \$250). Both from Myer's Dress.*



Vivian steps into the spotlight in a matte jersey gown with a print adapted from a 17th century Gobelin tapestry.  
From Myer's Dress; about \$165.



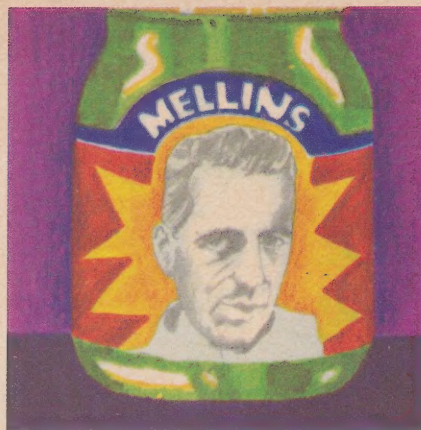
Vivian Reis joined the Canadian film world after several successful stage years in the United States. She has a varied background in radio and television here and has most recently completed roles in *Face-Off* and the soon-to-be-released *A Fan's Notes*.

Nicole Morin made a much-discussed debut for Toronto area audiences in *Spring Thaw '69*. Radio and television appearances have occupied her time since, as well as roles in *Goin' Down the Road* and *Foxy Lady*.



By Karen Waxer

... A Taste For The Macabre: One of Ken Russell's reluctant cuts in **The Devils** was a scene of the rape of Christ on the cross. However, filmmaker Russell is holding on to the footage, hoping that it can go back in when the film is shown on T.V. ... Who's To Judge? – Three of the prizewinners in the New York Erotic Film Festival were prints that had been seized during police raids on the month-long fest ... Universal Pictures and Playboy Productions are co-producing a film based on Desmond Morris' non-fiction book **The Naked Ape**. It combines location footage shot in Florida with animation ... The success of the bike movie **Born Losers** was such that a Seventy-Fiver Club was formed, spontaneously initiated by teenagers who had seen the picture seventy-five times or more. Their endurance seems to have been surpassed only by a Mrs. Myra Franklin of Cardiff, Wales who sat through **The Sound of Music** 864 times (of her own volition) ... F. Scott Fitzgerald's screenplay for his **Babylon Revisited**, written shortly before his death in 1940, will finally be filmed thanks to the efforts of Lester Cowan who has held the rights to the script for 30 years ...



"In The Beginning ..." – Stanley (A Clockwork Orange) Kubrick was a staff photographer for Look Magazine ... Greta Garbo was a barber's assistant ... Jack Nicholson debuted in the cartoon department of MGM ... Humphrey Bogart modeled for the illustration on the Mellins Baby Food jar ... Milton Berle was a child star in The Perils of Pauline series ... The Irony of It All – Surrounded by 18 nude men and women during the filming of Irving Abrams' nude encounter therapy film **Out of Touch**, one of the cameramen relaxed by reading Playboy Magazine!!? ... Some Quotable Quotes "The only thing worse than a battle lost is a battle won." (Waterloo) ... "All women are the same. It's the intellect that counts." (Claire's Knee) ... It's so dreadful to look at your own confusion and understand it." (Through A Glass Darkly) ... A few fabulous facts – the people of Hong Kong have the highest per-capita movie-attendance record in the world – the USSR has more movie theatres than any other country – the entire Ethiopian Empire has only 22 theatres.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

Gerald Pratley and Earl Pomerantz comment on the Academy Awards, and The Esoterica Fiend reminisces about past ceremonies. How to make your own cheesecake. Monty Python made a movie, so we review his book and record.



What if *King Kong* were made in Toronto? How the final scene would look.

Steve Ihnat, local Hamilton boy who made good in Hollywood, discusses his first directing chore.

The Great Stars I: Carole Lombard.

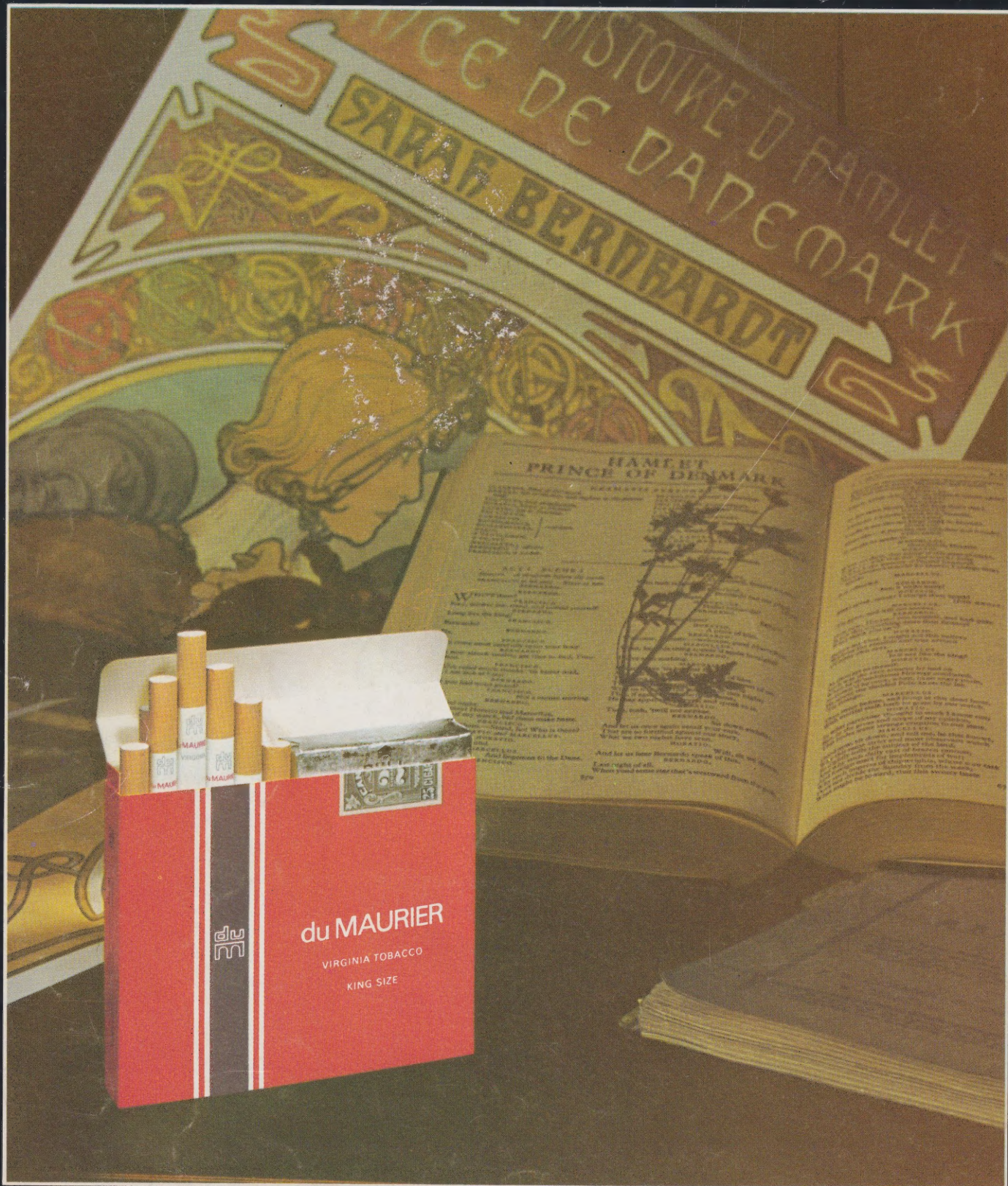






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